



## **Staff Report**

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### **RESOLUTION ADOPTING 'BELMONT', BY JAMES W. MCLAUGHLIN, FORMER CITY CLERK, AS OFFICIAL BELMONT CITY POEM**

Honorable Mayor and Council Members:

#### **Summary**

The Mayor proposed that Jim McLaughlin's "Belmont" Poem from 1962 be adopted as the official Belmont City Poem. During the Council meeting of August 9, 2005, Council made a motion for adoption. Council decided to have the poem designed with hand-calligraphy, and instructed the City Manager's office to research options and locations for display, to be highlighted as part of the grand opening of City Hall.

#### **Background**

In 1962, Jim McLaughlin wrote the poem titled "Belmont" and it was published in a book titled "Poetry of the Golden State." "The poem captures the soul rather than the body of the City," said Mayor Warden. It was written 43 years ago and still represents the City, according to Warden.

#### **Discussion**

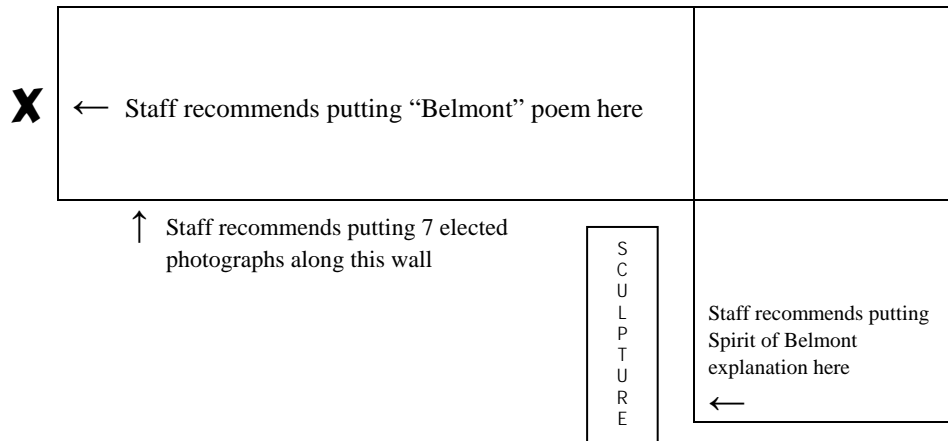
During the City Council meeting of August 9, 2005, Council agreed that the poem should be designed using hand-calligraphy, and to display the poem at City Hall. Staff has talked with Mr. McLaughlin, and he has expressed that he would like the poem large enough to make it easy for people to read.

Staff has researched options and is recommending Ms. Ann Miller design, calligraphy and professionally frame the Belmont poem, to be hung in the lobby of Belmont City Hall. The poem would most likely be 18" x 24" or up to 18" x 30". Ms. Miller is planning on being present at this Council meeting to answer any questions you may have. Two options are presented as attachments in this staff report for Council consideration, and described below:

- Samples of Ms. Miller's work are attached as Exhibit A.
- One option is to have the poem designed with hand-calligraphy on watercolor paper, with a light watercolor around the bottom and sides depicting trees and a deer. A rough sample of this style is attached as Exhibit B.
- The second option is to have the poem electronically printed on watercolor paper, title and first letter would be in hand-calligraphy, with a simple border on the piece. A sample from Ms. Miller's portfolio, in this style, is attached as Exhibit C.

Both options will include a professional matt and framing.

Staff is suggesting the poem be placed on the paneled wall in the lobby of City Hall per the diagram below:



### **Fiscal Impact**

The cost of the poem will range from \$300 to \$3000, and will be covered by the City Manager's budget.

### **Public Contact**

Staff has discussed this matter with Ann Miller, a local artist, who expressed that she is honored to have been asked to design the art and calligraphy Mr. McLaughlin's poem for Belmont City Hall.

### **Recommendation**

Staff seeks approval of the attached resolution, and requests a motion from Council to direct the Interim City Manager as to which option they prefer.

### **Alternatives**

1. Make a motion to proceed so that the poem can be completed and ready to present during the Grand Opening of City Hall.
2. Deny either of the options and ask the City Manager's office to return at a later date with modified options.

### **Attachments**

- Exhibit A. Samples of Ann Miller's calligraphy and art.
- Exhibit B. Sample poem #1, hand-calligraphy, with water color painted.
- Exhibit C. Sample poem #2, electronically produced, with the exception of the title and first letter, which is in hand-calligraphy.
- Exhibit D. Resolution
- Exhibit E. Belmont Poem

Respectfully submitted,

Joni Stallings  
Administrative Assistant

Jack R. Crist  
Interim City Manager



Such a morning it is  
when Love leans through geranium windows, and calls  
with a cockerel's tongue, when red haired girls  
scamper like roses over the rain green grass

And the sun drips honey When hedgerows grow  
venerable, berries dry black as blood and holes suck in  
their bees

Such a morning it is  
when mice run whispering from  
the church dragging dropped ears  
of Harvest When the  
partridge draws back his spring  
and shoots like a buzzing arrow  
over grained mahogany fields,  
when no table is bare and no  
breast dry and the tramp feeds off  
ribs of rabbit

Such a day  
it is when time piles up the hills  
like pumpkins and the streams  
run golden

When all men smell good,  
and the cheeks of girls are as baked bread  
to the mouth

As bread and  
beanflower was the touch of their lips,  
and their white teeth sweeter  
than cucumbers

Day  
of these  
days

## RESOLUTION

in recognition of

**Sam Ginn**

upon his retirement from the Board of Directors of  
Hewlett-Packard Company

Whereas Sam Ginn, retired Chairman of Vodafone AirTouch Plc and a director of Hewlett-Packard Company since 1996, is retiring from the HP Board of Directors after eight years of distinguished service;

Whereas he played a key leadership role during some of the more significant periods in the company's history including the Agilent spin off, the search for a new CEO, the Internet boom and bust, and the merger with Compaq;

Whereas the wisdom he gained through his own experience with a disruptive product lineable at all stages of the HP Agilent split, from the initial evaluation through its successful execution;

Whereas he led the CEO Search Committee, and through the hiring of a new CEO assisted in launching the next phase in our company's evolution and success;

Whereas he served on the HR and Compensation Committee throughout his tenure and, always mindful of shareholder interests, worked to promote appropriate compensation to retain talent through the Internet bubble and the HP/Compaq merger;

Whereas as Chair of the Nominating and Governance Committee he guided the Board through the difficult period leading to the HP/Compaq merger was instrumental in establishing the merged company's governance practices and a time of increasing regulatory complexity, and led the search process for new Board members;

Whereas he provided wise counsel to the Chairman and CEO;

Now therefore be it resolved that Hewlett-Packard Company and its Board of Directors do hereby express their deep gratitude to Sam Ginn and recognize his immeasurable contributions to the success of Hewlett-Packard Company;

Approved and the minutes of the Board of Directors meeting the 20th day of May 2004:

DAVIDSON L. BOGARD  
Chief Executive Officer

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Whereas the wisdom he gained through his own experience with a disruptive product lineable at all stages of the HP Agilent split, from the initial evaluation through its successful execution;



# *Belmont*

Beautiful Mountain! – Your name is so true!  
Your slopes are so graceful from bay to the blue  
Where the stars are much lighter and moonlight much brighter,  
And all of the world seems to come into view.

Your valleys below are scenes you well know  
And enjoy to extreme from atop your Plateau  
Where Sugar Loaf rises to greet the sunrises  
And where each time you look you see something new.

Out to the west is a vision of rest  
Where the mountains on lakes their reflections invest,  
And whose silhouettes hide the sun deep inside  
After hues of soft colors have brightened your hills.

Then looking hence, a bit to the north,  
You view the Bay Bridge in its splendor set forth  
To help frame your vision of beauteous precision  
Where God on the bay so depicted His skills.

Mountains, like yeast, rise up in the east  
To encompass superbly your visional feast  
Of your view quite astounding, of cities surrounding  
The beautiful bay which reflects the sky blue.

Most wonderful sight of those cities is nightly  
A necklace illumined and flickering brightly  
Of street lights and cars, all reflecting the stars  
That hover so quietly close above you.

Far from the hubbub, yet Peninsula's hub,  
You stand as a redwood surrounded by shrub  
And your streets formed by cow were all paved there somehow  
So that progress not hinder your beauty at all.

Seldom does fog come, your hills to enshroud  
Even cottony clouds know that they're not allowed  
For, though some nearly touch, they're off in a rush  
And can only a moment of your beauty recall.

Your feet bear the strains of onrushing trains  
Which, during the night, sing your only refrains,  
But your morning delight is a song ever bright –  
The chirping of thousands of colorful birds.

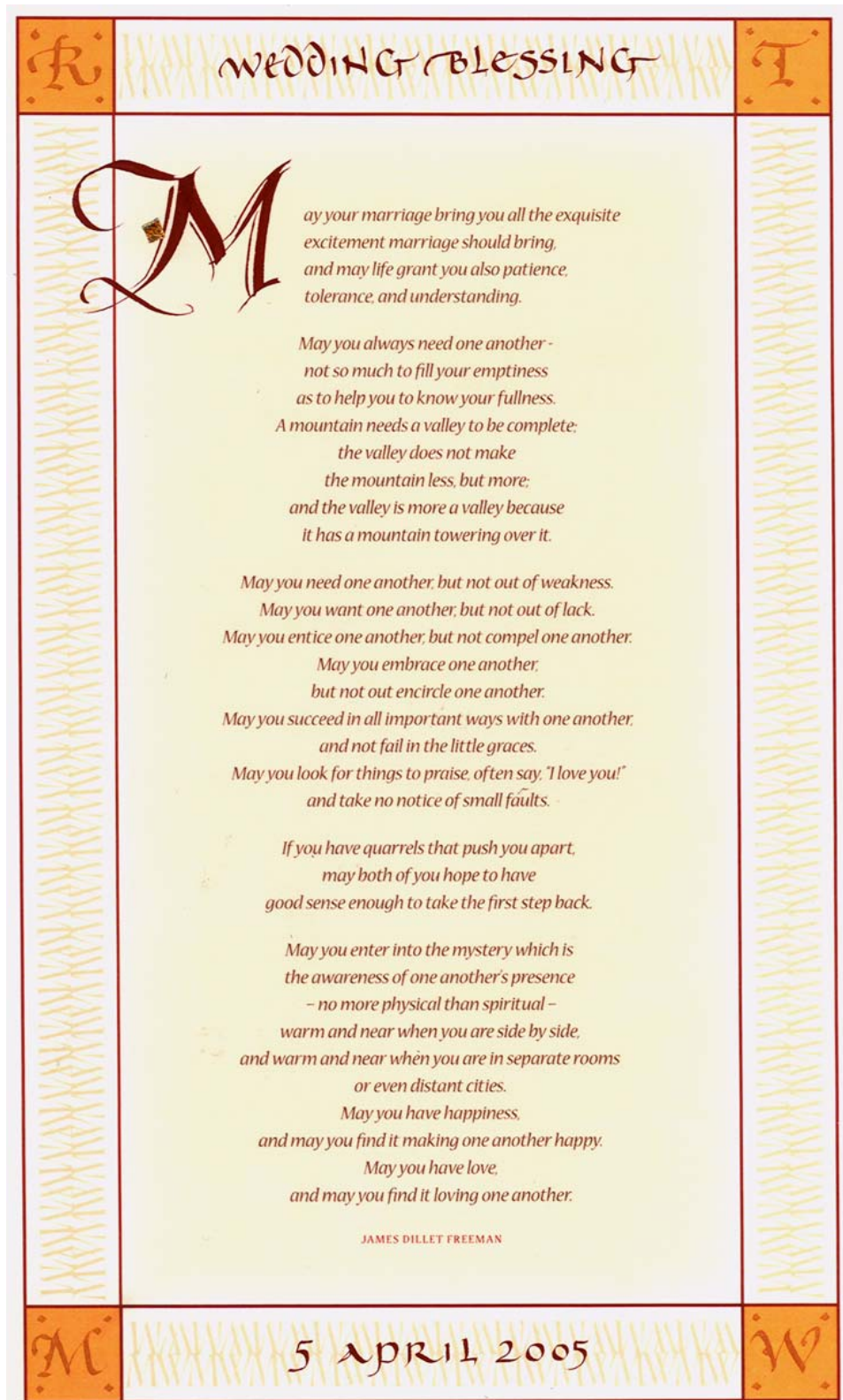
Deer and quail by the fence, unprepared for defense,  
Are in no other city where homes are so dense  
And your wildflowers grow amid poppies that glow –  
Until recent decades little known but to herds.

Since Sergeant Rivera and Father Palou  
First crossed Devil's Canyon to get here to you,  
You were first county seat and a traveler's treat;  
Then mansions and homes came to cover your range.

Throughout every year you have stood in revere  
And no one can't love you who comes to live here.  
For years – near 200 – your neighbors have wondered  
How beautiful Belmont does thrive yet not change.

*James W. McLaughlin*

© 2001 Anna Miller



RESOLUTION NO. \_\_\_\_\_

**RESOLUTION OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF BELMONT  
ADOPTING "BELMONT", BY JAMES W. MCLAUGHLIN, FORMER CITY CLERK,  
AS OFFICIAL POEM OF THE CITY OF BELMONT**

**WHEREAS**, James (Jim) W. McLaughlin, Poet Laureate, has lived in Belmont since 1952 and served as its elected City Clerk from 1966 until his retirement in 1986; and,

**WHEREAS**, Jim composed a poem entitled "Belmont", which was subsequently published in his collection, Poetry of the Golden State. The poem was presented in its entirety on the front page of the Belmont Enquirer on March 14, 1962; and,

**NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED** that the City Council of the City of Belmont finds that the poem "Belmont" captures the spirit and soul of the community, and does hereby adopt the poem as the official City Poem of the City of Belmont; and,

**BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED** that a framed version of the Poem be installed at the dedication of the new City Hall at One Twin Pines Lane.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hereby certify that the foregoing Resolution was duly and regularly passed and adopted by the City Council of the City of Belmont at a regular meeting thereof held on September 13, 2005 by the following vote:

AYES, COUNCILMEMBERS: \_\_\_\_\_

NOES, COUNCILMEMBERS: \_\_\_\_\_

ABSTAIN, COUNCILMEMBERS: \_\_\_\_\_

ABSENT, COUNCILMEMBERS: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
CLERK of the City of Belmont

APPROVED:

\_\_\_\_\_  
MAYOR of the City of Belmont



**Belmont**  
*by*  
**James W. McLaughlin**

Beautiful Mountain! – Your name is so true!  
your slopes are so graceful from bay to the blue  
where the stars are much lighter and moonlight much brighter  
and all of the world seems to come into view.

Your valleys below are scenes you well know  
and enjoy to extreme from atop your plateau  
where Sugar Loaf rises to greet the sunrises  
and where each time you look you see something new.

Out to the west is a vision of rest  
where the mountains on lakes their reflections invest  
and whose silhouettes hide the sun deep inside  
after hues of soft colors have brightened your hills.

Then, looking out a bit to the north,  
you view the Bay Bridge in its splendor set forth  
to help frame your vision of beauteous precision  
where God on the bay so depicted His skills.

Mountains, like yeast, rise up in the east  
to encompass superbly your visional feast  
of your view, quite astounding, of cities surrounding  
the beautiful bay which reflects the sky blue.

Most wonderful sight of those cities is, nightly,  
a necklace illumined and flickering brightly  
of street lights and cars, like reflections of stars  
that hover so quietly close above you.

Far from the hubbub, yet Peninsula's hub,  
you stand as a redwood surrounded by shrub  
and your streets formed by cow were all paved there somehow  
so that progress not hinder your beauty at all.

Seldom does fog come, your hills to enshroud.  
Even cottony clouds know that they're not allowed  
for, though some nearly touch, they're off in a rush  
and can only a moment of your beauty recall.

Your feet bear the strains of onrushing trains  
which, during the night, sing your only refrains,  
but your morning delight is a song ever bright –  
the chirping of thousands of colorful birds.

Deer and quail by the fence, unprepared for defense,  
are in no other city where homes are so dense  
and your wildflowers grow amid poppies that glow –  
until recent decades little known but to herds.

Since Sergeant Rivera and Father Palou  
first crossed Devil's Canyon to get here to you,  
you were first county seat and a traveler's treat;  
then mansions and homes came to cover your range.

Throughout every year you have stood in revere  
and no one can't love you who comes to live here.  
For years – near 200 – your neighbors have wondered  
how beautiful Belmont does thrive yet not change.